TWO LITTLE GIRLS

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Sunny Hour Series.—Vol. II

TWO LITTLE GIRLS

And Other Stories

BY

ANNA BURNHAM BRYANT

BOSTON
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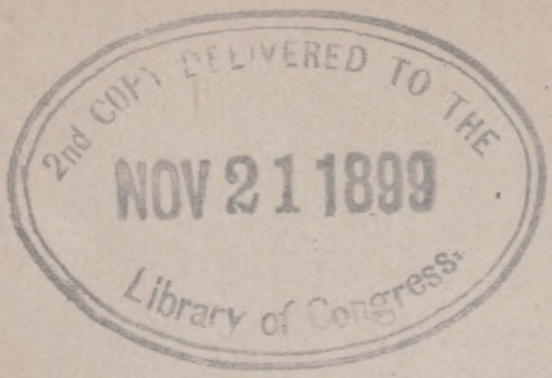

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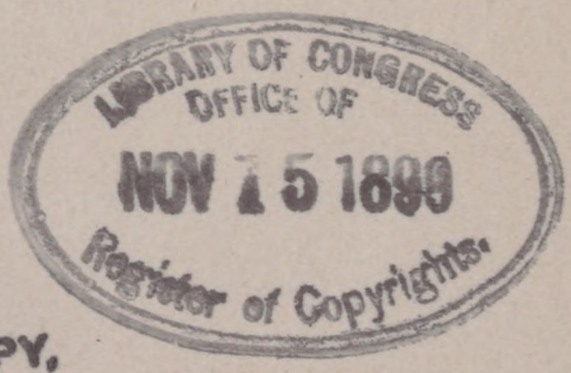

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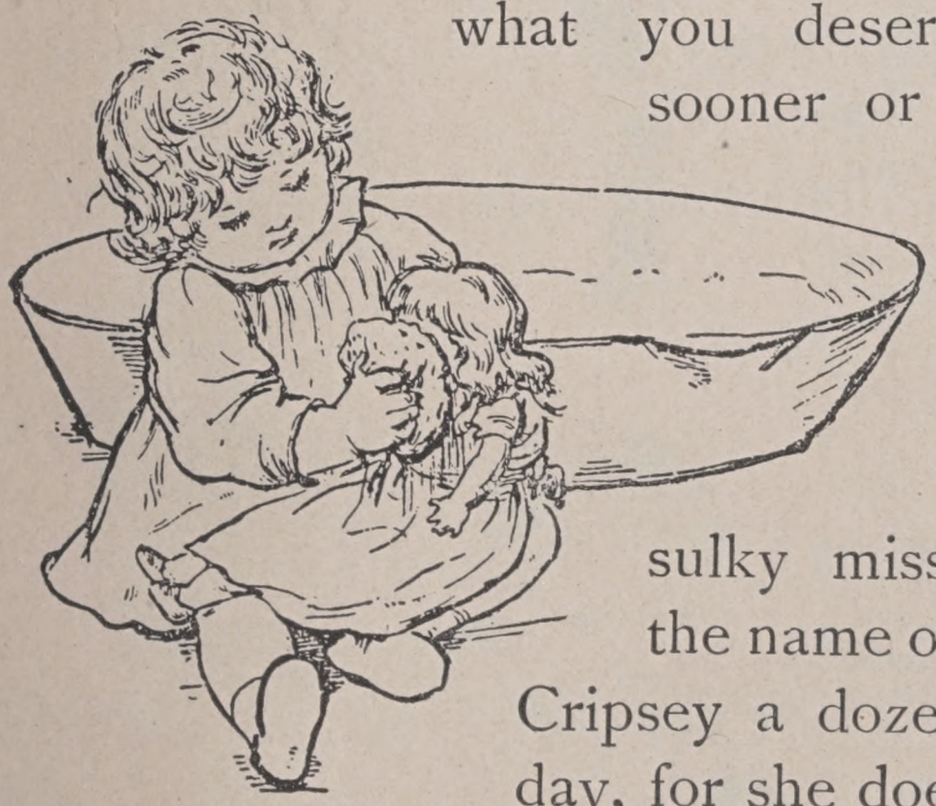
CONTENTS

	PAGE
Two Little Girls	5
Kate and Clara	7
The Careless Doll	12
Miss In-a-Minute	13
The Dandelion Chain	16
"Do You Suppose God Likes Me?"	18
The Little Red Mittens	22
Two Ways of Asking	28
Left in Charge	36
The Boy That Could n't Wait	40
Mother's Coachman	46
How Edie Ran Away	49
Christ's Little Servant	54
The Friends of Jesus	57
When Mamma Speaks	59
Questions	61
Baby's Hymn	62
Kitty's "Little B'other"	66

TWO LITTLE GIRLS

I WANT to tell you about two little girls whom I see very often. One is named Josephine and the other is named Mary Bell. That does n't mean they are called by those names. Dear, no! You get called what you deserve to be sooner or later, and I know you won't wonder that this little sulky miss goes by the name of Cry-baby Cripsey a dozen times a day, for she does begin to weep so easily, and half a day to clear up is quite a short time for her.



MARY BELL

Merry-eyes (Mary Bell, I mean, you know) gets her pretty little nickname called through the house from top to bottom, for everybody wants the chubby little bit of solid sunshine "to have and to *hold*," as they say in the wedding service; and once you get her you don't want to let her go in a hurry. Oh, why can't everybody understand how much better people like smiles and sunshine than the other thing? Don't sulk, boys and girls! If you can't go outdoors, play you wanted to stay in, and be happy. Anything but going round with sober eyes and your finger in your mouth, like poor unhappy little Josephine.

KATE AND CLARA

"HERE! I'm going to have that!" cried Clara, coming into the kitchen where Maggie the cook was just taking a big, lovely pan of brown-cheeked cookies out of the low oven. She was stooping down and had n't time to lift the pan up out of Clara's reach, and the saucy girl did get one and ran off laughing.

"Got it, did n't you?" said Maggie, after a minute in which she was trying to make

her voice sound good-tempered. It was n't always easy to do that in the house where Clara lived. "That you, Katy?" as a pretty girl stepped into the doorway and stood there smiling. "Maybe you would n't be after liking a handful your own self?"

MAGGIE, THE COOK

"Indeed I would!" cried Kate, catching up her little white apron by the corners and making a cake-basket of it. "Are n't you good, though! And are n't *they* good!"

She went outside and called "Tige! Tige!" in a merry voice, and the shaggy old fellow was soon sharing her cookies.

"Speak, sir!" she cried, and he said "Bow, wow!" as plain as you can.

"Will you have it now or wait till you get it?" she teased.

"*Now!* NOW!" barked Tige eagerly.

"Who in the world"—cried Tom, dashing in at the back door in his bicycle suit. "You, Kate! You mean old thing! *You* it was I saw fooling with that wrench I laid down on the doorstep. Now you come and find it!"

"Now! Now!" barked Tige.

"Why, I don't remember"—began Kate pleasantly. "Did I touch it? I'll hunt for it, anyway. And don't you want some of these cookies while I'm doing it?"

"Or it was you, Clara, anyway!" cried Tom sharply, in too much heat and hurry to be soothed even by cookies. "One of you girls was fumbling with it, and now it's nowhere. Now you just hunt it up and quick, too, for I'm in a hurry."

"I shall do no such thing!" said Clara in a loud, scolding voice. "You drop your things around, and then expect us girls to hunt for them. I 've something else to do, thank you!"

"Here 't is!" cried Katy, holding up the missing tool in triumph. She did n't say — just then — "right under your ownty-downty cap, dear!" though it was the truth, and Clara was partly right, you see. He was the one to blame, but, as Katy said to herself, it would n't have made him feel any pleasanter to tell him so. But he saw where she found it, well enough.

"I shall do no such thing!"

"Sis!" he called, a few minutes later, tightening the last nut and giving a last fond rub with a hemstitched handkerchief to the pretty shining rods. "Can you ride an hour or two? Mother let you?"

"Oh, I know she would!" cried Katy,

clasping her hands in delight. "I'll go ask her. I wanted so to go with all you boys and girls, but I thought it would be mean to ask."

"Well, you have n't asked. I ask *you*. Go along and see."

"Yes, dear, if you get back before dark," said mother; and off they started.

"You 're splendid to take me, Tom!" said Kate, flying off by his side, with her cap pinned on tight and her red cape blowing.

"Yes, I 'm a darling," said Tom. "I know it. But the real, truly reason this time, sis, is because you don't fire up when a fellow gets mad and says you did things you never did. I tell you it pays to be sweet, and I wonder girls don't find it out more."

"Hm!" said Katy. "Why would n't it be a good thing for the boys, too, I wonder?"

THE CARELESS DOLL

"O dolly, my dear little dolly! it gives me a pain in my froat
To fink how you 'have in your playtimes, and spoil your best new Sunday coat!
Do you s'pose that your poor little muzzer can mend and mend all of the day?
If you don't be carefuler, dolly, I 'll just have to frow you away!"

MISS IN-A-MINUTE

HAVE a friend whom I call little Miss In-a-Minute. I never knew her to answer "yes" at once and mean it. She always says when her mother speaks to her and gives her some little errand to do, "Why, yes, mamma! Of course I will, in just a minute."

How much use do you think such hearing is? She might just as well have no ears at all, for all the good they do her. When Jesus says, "My sheep hear my voice," he means that they do what they hear him tell them and *when* he tells them. One day this little girl's mother said, "Now, darling, I have an idea that grandpa

is coming around with the sleigh by and by to take us all to ride. You must be dressed and ready."

"Yes, mamma, in just a minute," said the little girl dreamily, and then she turned another page and thought no more about it.

Suddenly there was a merry jingling of bells and stamping of horses. The doors burst open and a flock of furred and hooded young folks trooped out all ready for the sleigh-ride. Poor little Miss In-a-Minute shrank out of sight in a corner. There she was in morning dress and slippers — she

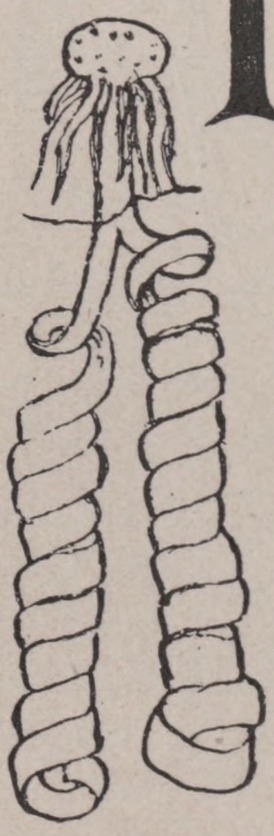
was not ready for any holiday outings. Grandpa's man put his head in at the door to count the number he was expected to tuck under his buffalo robes. He never thought of counting a girl who looked like that.

KATY

"Oh, mamma, I did n't hear!" sobbed Katy (for that was her real name), when the last bell had jingled faint in the distance. "I only seemed to *dream* I heard!"

Mamma had a long, serious talk with her. She told her what a fault it was, and how sadly it must some day be punished; and little Katy promised to leave her dreaming and get some good wide-awake ears that could hear, and hear to some purpose.

THE DANDELION CHAIN



THE dandelions looked like big round gold buttons in the grass, and Jack and Josie were picking them by handfuls, when along came their Sunday-school teacher and stopped by the fence to look at them. It was Saturday afternoon, so it seemed quite natural for her to speak about next day's lesson.

"We don't know but we shall go away to-morrow," said Josie shyly. "Mother said we could go a-visiting and stay over Sunday."

Their teacher's face said, "Oh, I am so sorry!" but she only stooped down and picked a long-stemmed dandelion out of the grass and pulled the head off.

"What do you do with these?" she asked.

"Make dandelion chains," they told her.

Their teacher began to help them. She made a dozen little round rings like these.

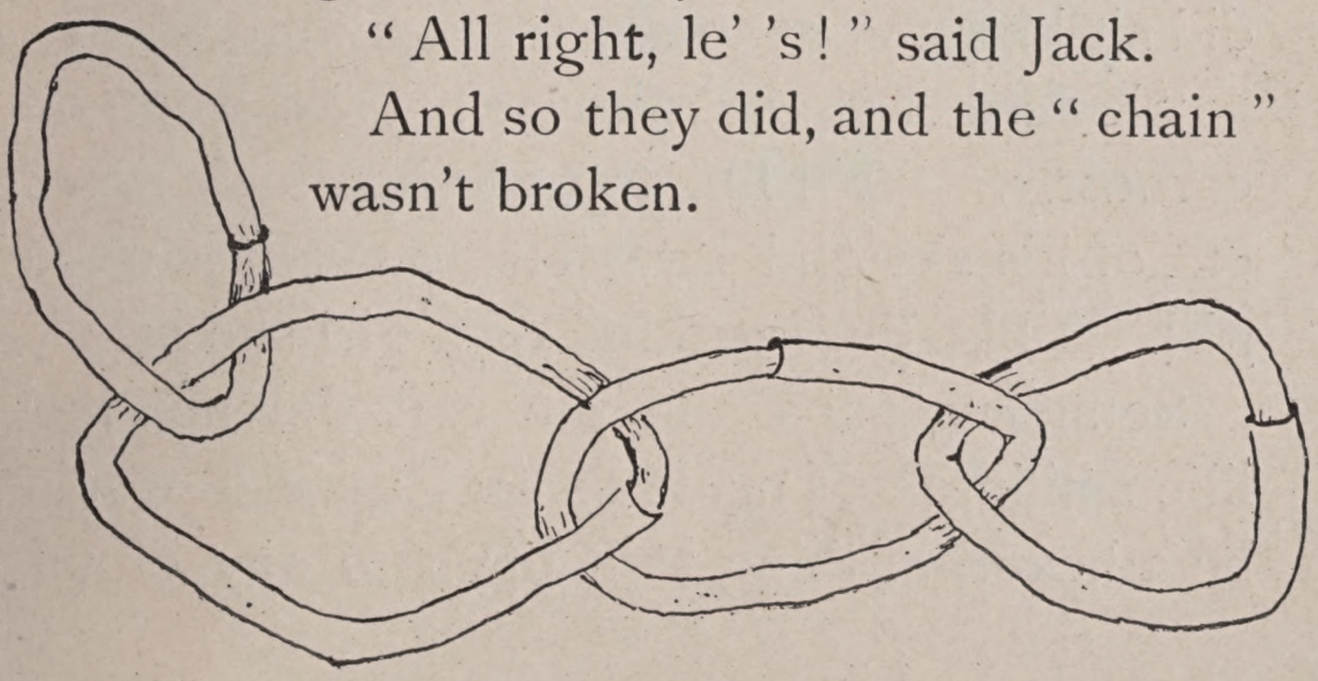
"Ho! You don't join 'em together!" cried the children. "That never would make anything if you made forty hundred. It's a *chain*, and one link joins into another."

"Oh," she said. "Why, it's just like Sunday-school lessons! Single links don't count much. Well, good-by. I'm sorry you can't come to-morrow. It breaks the chain, you see. The lessons all join on to each other, or they don't amount to much."

"Say, Jack! Le' 's go to-morrow, and *not* go off Sunday!"

"All right, le' 's!" said Jack.

And so they did, and the "chain" wasn't broken.



"DO YOU SUPPOSE GOD LIKES ME?"

HAT is what a little five-year-old girl said the other day, or, rather, the other night, as she was going to bed. It was such an odd question we did n't know what to say for a minute.

"'Cause I want him to!" she went on earnestly. "I 'd like to have him look down out of his sky and say, 'That 's my little good girl. I like dust 'at kind of a girl she is!'"

Somehow papa and the rest did not feel like smiling. It made us feel as if it would be a beautiful thing to happen to any of us.

But papa said, "Well, you try all day to-morrow to deserve it. He'll be sure to notice."

The next day little Dorothy came to play with her. She is the dearest, cunningest little midget, but she has a temper like a snapdragon. About the middle of the afternoon I heard a great noise down in the playroom.

LITTLE DOROTHY

"Oo *tant!*"

"*Please* let me have dolly!" begged a distressed little voice. "I don't want her to get her head b'okened, 'cause it is n't just an evvyday dolly 'at you could send their head to Schwartz's and get it mended. Zis dolly is one my auntie b'ought all the way from Paris, wight in her ownty-downty hannies!"

"I *sant!*" snapped a little voice like a firecracker.

"Please, Dorofy! *Do*, Dorofy!" I heard in a tearful voice from little Lulie. I think

she put out her hand and tried to take it, for in an instant I heard such a slap! I ran down then, almost upsetting my typewriter table, for you could n't let such things happen, of course. There stood little Lulie, with a red finger print on one round cheek and tears in her big blue eyes and a quivering lip; and there stood little spitfire Dorothy with the dolly. I took the two little girls in my lap and put the dolly to bed, and kissed and scolded till the right girl was crying and the other one comforted. Then they both got kissed, for peacemaker Lulie put her soft little arms right round naughty Dorothy and said, "Le' 's make up, Dorofy!"

Was n't that a sweet way of doing? And don't you think papa was right when he said that night that he thought God could say, "This is my dear little Lulie with whom I am well pleased"? Oh, I think it is well worth living for, to "try to make God like you"!

THE LITTLE RED MITTENS

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Eva wanted to go to school when the winter term began. I don't see how her mother ever dared to let her. But this was long ago, when people didn't seem to mind a little cold as they do now, and when even babies went to school along with big boys and girls as tall as the teacher.

"I did go all summer!" begged Eva, holding tight to Elsie's hand.

"Yes, my dear, but that was warm weather," said her mother. "You would freeze and catch your death a-cold."

"I wouldn't get a single death a-cold!" promised Eva solemnly.

"Let her go, Mary," said grandmother kindly from her chair by the window. "I'll knit her a pair of warm red mittens and a warm woolen comforter, and Elsie can see she keeps bundled up in 'em."

So she went. If grandmother did

that, there really was no reason in the world why not. She looked like a little redbird, too, and all the other girls began asking *their* grandmothers for things just like Eva's.

There was one little girl who was n't content with teasing her grandmother. She used to go into the entry and finger the long, warm scarf, and sometimes she took the mittens out of the cloak pocket and tried them on. She coveted those mittens.

One snapping cold morning Susie (the little girl that coveted) was out there, as usual touching things she ought not to, and she had just pulled one tight mitten on and was going to stick her fingers into the other, when she heard a noise. It was only the school coming to order to get ready to go home. They always made a great noise doing that. Susie had got excused a minute early so as to go and "feel of the mittens." I don't suppose she meant to steal them. She had n't gone so far as that in her mind yet, but when you begin to covet, your feet and fingers will sometimes outrun your mind,

and seem to make you do things you have n't planned to. It was so in this case.

The noise frightened Susie, and she tried to pull the mitten off and put it back in the pocket. What if the teacher should find her! What if Eva and Elsie should come out!

She tugged and tugged, but the mitten clung to the little warm hand, as if it said, "Keep me! Nobody will know!" All at once the inner door did open. She heard the feet begin their tramping down the aisles. In another minute the other door would open, and they would all see. She must wear them home. "I've *got* to take them now!" she thought. So she snatched the other and started to run. But there was something else tied to them. It was the pretty warm "comforter." Grandmother had made a stout red cord that held them all together. Never mind. There was no use in stopping now. She caught them all and ran, hiding them under her cloak till she got past the schoolhouse windows.

When little Eva came out and found her pretty scarf and mittens gone, she cried and sobbed, and so did Elsie, but nobody thought of Susie's taking them. They thought some

EVA

tramp had come in and carried them off. At last they all gave up hunting, and Eva started home with Elsie's mittens on, for the kind older sister would n't let the baby go without any. But there was no scarf to wrap up the poor little throat. It was a sharp, cold, still,

frosty air that cut right into their bones and made Elsie shiver. Just think what it did to Eva! That night they had to send for the doctor to help her breathe, for the croup had her by the throat, and it seemed as if it would never let her go till it had choked the breath of life out of her. But morning came and she felt better, and the danger was over for that time, though she did not go to school again that winter.

Did she ever get her mittens and scarf again? Yes, I am glad to say poor naughty Susie felt sorry and ashamed when she knew what it came near doing to her little schoolmate. She could n't help thinking that Eva might have died from such a cold, and *then* how she would have felt! She came and brought the mittens and scarf back to Eva's mother one day and told her all about it, and she was all forgiven up, too; for when you are sorry and try to make up for wrongdoing, that is all you can do. But both little girls learned what a bad thing coveting is, and saw a little what awful things it leads to.

TWO WAYS OF ASKING

Stella and Marian sat sewing on their dolls' new Eton jackets that Cousin Kate had cut out for them the last thing before the stage whirled her off in a cloud of dust and left them soberly staring after her. It wouldn't be the same kind of a house at all without Cousin Kate

in it. There are some people who are always finding out what you want, and doing it, till you get so used to them that it does n't seem as if you could live without them. That was the way it was with Cousin Kate. But then, there had been somebody else who had the same thought, too, and — well, he was so sure about it, that one day Cousin Kate had come down into the children's playroom with pink cheeks and shiny eyes and told them that she was going off with him. It was a sad, sad day in the children's playroom.

"I 'd like to grow up and be just like her!" burst out Marian, when they had sat for a long time in silence.

Stella was just going to say, "So would I!" when mother answered, out of the long drapery curtain where she was cuddling the baby:

"Oh, if you only would, darlings! If you could manage to copy the lovely spirit dear Cousin Kate always shows everywhere! But, after all, I don't think it comes by copying.

It is the spirit of Christ in her, and that we can all have for the asking. The Bible says so."

"For the asking!" Didn't mother know that there is more to it than asking? She meant more than she said, but there was no more time to say anything, for father came to the door just then to speak to her, and she went out and left the children.

"I'm just going to ask Him!" said Stella, nodding her head very earnestly.

"Ask what?" said Marian.

"To make me just the kind of a girl Cousin Kate was. Good and nice and—just the way she is. Mother said He would if you asked him."

"God would?"

Stella nodded.

"All right. Let's ask him."

So they did. Little children often do such things without telling the older people. They were very much in earnest, and they meant just what they said, and it was the kind of prayer God likes. They felt very happy as they came back to their sewing and doll dressing.

The dolls were going to have lovely acorn-brown skirts and jackets with silk shirt waists, just like Cousin Kate's wedding dress — the going-away one. The question was, what color shirt waists. They had a dozen different samples to choose from.

"This pansy purple is the prettiest," said Stella, holding it up to Susan Arabella to see the effect on her complexion.

"Humph! So *I* think!" said Marian. "But there's only one piece of it, and I wanted that."

"And I wanted it!" returned Stella.

"Well, there's only one piece!" repeated

Marian, looking as if she meant to "fight it out on that line."

Stella looked at her. It was a little thing, but you know (have n't you found it out yet?)

that we always "get mad" about the little things. We can be gloriously good about the big ones. But, oh, how we lose our temper and forget to ask for the grace of Christ in little silly trials that we are half ashamed to name as trials!

As I said, Stella looked at her. It was n't just a common looking. A lovely, remembering thought shone in her eyes and made them soft and gentle. She wanted that pinky-purple thing — oh, how she wanted it! Nothing had ever begun to set off her doll's dark eyes and rose-leaf complexion like it. But then — but then! What had she just been asking for? Would Cousin Kate be selfish so? Would *Jesus?*

And, somehow, it was that last thought that settled it! She had often tried to copy Cousin Kate before. That spirit does n't come by copying. But when she said the name of Jesus, she could n't help a little prayer going with it — a very little prayer, as short as Peter's when he was sinking, "Jesus, help me!" It does n't take long to say it.

"Well, you take it, Marian! This other one is 'most as pretty."

Voice and words were sweet as honey, and the little girls went on playing till they were tired of it. They had a nice time, too. Even when there is only one to really

be like Jesus, there is apt to be a good time. It is hard to quarrel all alone. But little Marian was n't quite happy. She remembered their little prayer together.

"Stella!" she said, when their dolls were dressed, and they were holding them up together. "I guess I was a little pig about that pansy waist. You was n't. You was just like Cousin Kate. What made you?"

"Well, I asked God, you know," said Stella softly.

"'N' so did I, but it did n't do any good."

"P'r'aps you forgot to watch and think about it. I guess when you ask God to make you be good, then you have to try to be it."

"I guess so, too," said Marian; and they put their arms round each other's waists and skipped off together.

LEFT IN CHARGE

"MIRIAM! MIRIAM!"

A little girl came running at the call — a little girl with wavy brown hair tumbled all about her face and a dolly cuddled up close against her cheek. She looked very sober when she heard what mamma wanted.

"Papa wants me to go out with him this afternoon to see a sick woman," said mamma, "and I shall have to trust you with the baby. Can you be very faithful?"

"I wish my papa was n't a doctor!" pouted

Miriam, looking as if she did n't want to be trusted.

"Well, it has its drawbacks, I confess," said mamma cheerfully, putting on her bonnet; "but there is no help for it, so we must get along the best we can with the papa we 've got. Baby is sleeping sweetly, and I don't think he will wake for an hour at least. Then, if he stirs, you know how to make him happy and cozy for another hour. By that time I shall be back. Be a good little sister, and I will save a great big kiss for you when I get home."

After all, it was fun to be left in charge. Miriam played she was Mrs. Dr. Baldwin, and pretended to have callers, and went to the door a dozen times to shake her head and say, "Nothing to-day, thank you!" to peddlers, and tried to be just as much like her

mother, the real Mrs. Baldwin, as she could. At last the baby began to stir. First a nestle and then a kick. You have all seen babies wake up. Miriam did not wait for the cry that would have been the next thing. She knew where the baby's bottle was, and "stopped his mouth" with it. What a funny little noise he made "eating" it! Wasn't she getting along beautifully with him, too! She began to be very proud of herself, and to think she was a pretty nice little girl anyway; and when you begin to do that Satan is always close at the door. I don't mean to say that it was his knock that she heard just that minute! Perhaps you would like to see the picture

of the sweet little girl who stood there when she opened it.

"Why, Lily Dale!" giggled Miriam, with a hug and a squeeze. "Where did you come from?"

"Mamma says to come to my house an' have a party!" said Lily. "And there's f'osted cakes to it!"

"O Lily! I've got the baby to take care of!"

"Come!" said Lily, pulling her. "I want you!"

Was n't it hard to say No! Poor little Miriam! But of course she could n't go. Was n't she left in charge? Had n't she been trusted to be faithful?

"No, Lily, not this time," she said, shaking her head very hard, "I can't leave baby."

When mamma came home she called her a good, faithful little girl.

THE BOY THAT COULD N'T WAIT

IF there was one word in the English language that Ted hated, it was the word "wait." And people were always saying it.

"I want to go to school with the big boys!" he began before he was out of little plaid "kilts" and long curls like a girl-baby's.

"Wait a while," said mother, thinking of the long quarter-of-a-mile walk and the long three-hour session on the high benches that were made for big boys and not for such very little men and women.

"I want it to be Christmas *now!*" he whined two weeks before stocking time; and again he had to be told to wait, for Santa Claus was one that would n't be hurried.

Mamma hoped that as he grew older and wiser, he would get over and outgrow this baby habit of wanting things to happen right off, the minute he thought of them. But no; it was a habit of mind that he was born with, and it grew as fast as he did. It was a great trouble to mamma.

In one way and another he did manage to "hurry up things," as he put it. People got tired of his teasing, for one thing. Somehow or other they never turned out quite so happily for it. A birthday party that mamma had planned for him became such a worry to everybody in the house that mamma said at last it would be just as well, perhaps, to have it a little earlier than she meant to. The real birthday came on Sunday. So of course it must be either Saturday or Monday, and Ted talked so much about it that the invitations were changed, and all the little boys and girls came Saturday instead. It was vacation, and they might just as well have come on Monday, if it had not been for Ted. Oh, how sorry he was afterward! For promptly at

the hour for the party on Monday afternoon, who should come in, with a bagful of presents

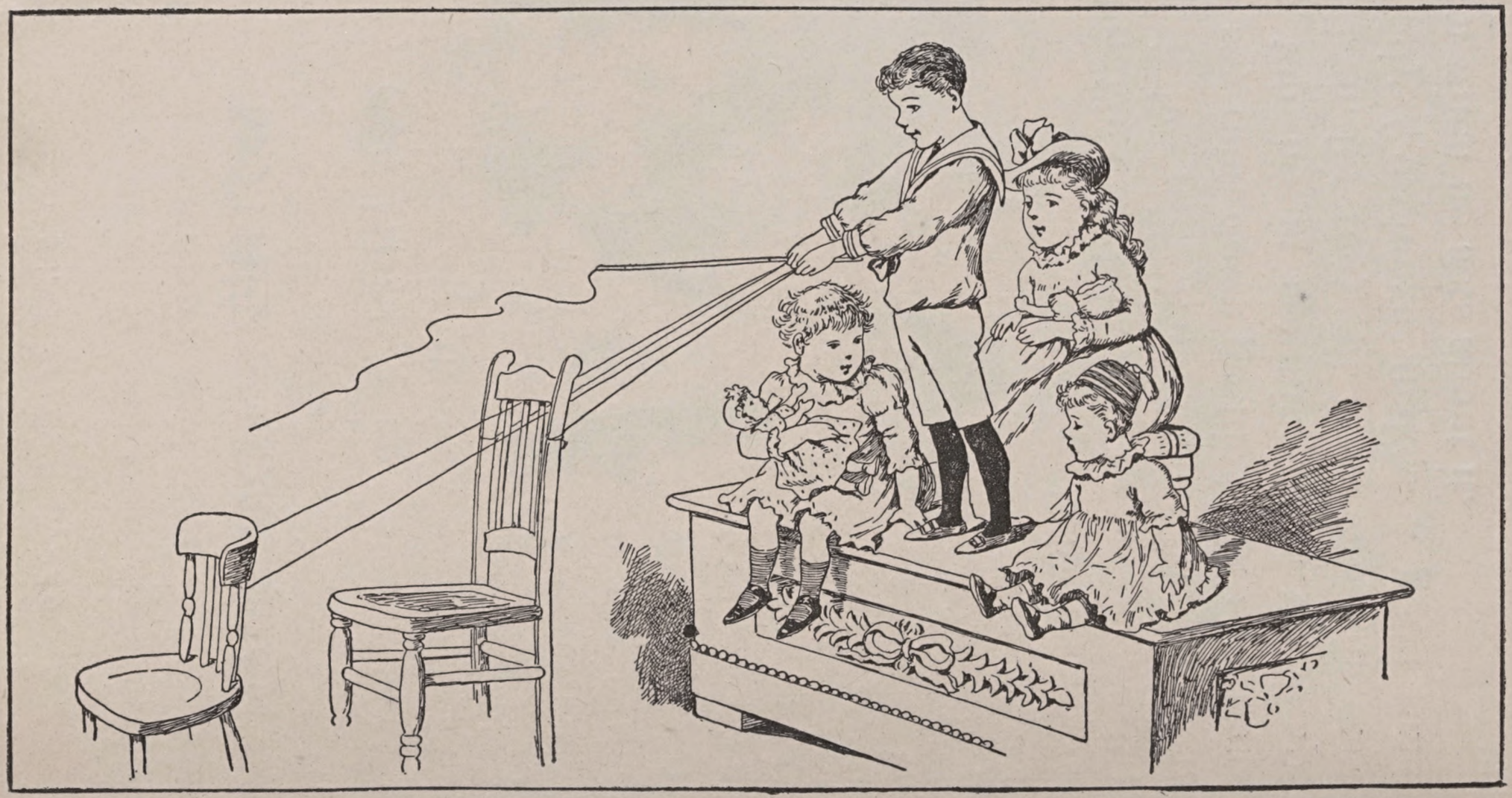
and games and nuts and candy, but the dearest uncle in the world, who had remembered the

little boy's birthday, and come a hundred miles on purpose to give him a good time. That was only one of the times that Ted was sorry. Another was when he got up in the middle of the night and crept out to the Christmas stockings and "peeked" to see what old Mr. Claus had put in them. All at once a little wire frame of butterflies began sliding down, buzzing and humming like so many bumble-bees! It waked up papa and mamma instantly, and back to bed he went, but he never saw *that* stockingful again! They thought it was time to teach him a lesson.

OLD MR. CLAUS

It was n't the last one he had to have, by any means, before he knew it by heart and could practice it. But little by little it did be-

gin to make a difference, and by the time another Christmas came round he had become quite as patient as most people, and lost none of his presents by peeping. There is an old proverb that says, "Everything comes to him who waits." At all events, Ted learned that they never come any sooner to the impatient.



MOTHER'S COACHMAN

MOTHER'S COACHMAN

"HERE'S my coachman?" calls mother, when the babies get to crying and teasing. She has a great deal of work to do besides pleasing babies, and she couldn't get along with both if she hadn't a little boy to help her.

Freddy Coachman, as he loves to call himself, is her right-hand man. When he hears her say that, down go his book and slate, or the top he is spinning, and up jump the children, for they all know what is coming. Freddy Coachman makes a good time for them when he sets about it.

"Four horses, would n't you, ma'am?" he asks politely of Mrs. Van Doozleberry (who is only Mattie, but she is the biggest and fattest, so they call her the mother); and she drawls back, "Oh, yes, I guess so, John, but do rub up their harnesses and make things look a little more stylish somehow. I don't think you take good care of your team, very."

"Yes, ma'am," says John, and fixes his reins over some chairs, and jumps on the box and off they go. The coach is nothing but grandma's big old carved chest, and the prancing horses are two or three stiff-legged chairs, but it does n't make a bit of difference. The children get on, each with an armful of dolls or playthings, and they are all as happy as the queen.

It does n't look like very hard work, but if you have ever tried to make a flock of little folks happy a whole afternoon and let their

mother work, you know that Freddy has earned the good kiss he gets at bedtime.

"Huh!" he says when she praises him. "Like to know why I should n't! Guess you looked after me 'nough times when I was little!"

HOW EDIE RAN AWAY

NCE there was a little girl who had a nice home and a dear mamma and nothing in the world to trouble her from morning till night. But she used to *make* troubles. Did you ever hear of such a queer little girl?

"No, Edie, you must put away all your dolly clothes and make the playroom neat first, before you take the fairy tales," said mamma, coming into the room just in time to see the little girl curling down in the big armchair with a bright-covered book all full of pictures.

Oh, how Edie's lips pouted! How her eyes flashed sparkles out of them! How her feet kicked and swung and her fingers drummed on the chair-elbows!

"I 'm going to run away," sobbed Edie when mamma went out. "I 'll run away off, and then see how she 'll like it!"

This was something that Edie had often thought of doing before, and even said that she would do, but somehow she had never really tried it. This time she felt so cross at everybody that she jumped up and put on her hat and cloak and really ran out-of-doors. Oh, was n't it cold out-of-doors! Did n't the wind blow! The very trees as she went by shook their long fingers at her and the wind seemed to shout at her round all the corners, "Go home, go home, bad girl, go home!"

And, oh, she wanted to go home! The briers scratched her, and the cold made her shiver. She was afraid, and she kept thinking how warm and nice it was at home — yes, even in that littered playroom. But she had run so far and so fast that she could n't think how to get back.

JACK

All at once she heard a *beautiful* noise! It was a dog barking. It was a beautiful dog, too, though Edie was often very much afraid of dogs. But this was Jack; her own splendid, faithful, noble Jack, and when she saw Jack she was sure that somebody — papa, perhaps — was close behind, and her heart jumped for joy.

And so he was, and it was not many minutes before little Edie was safe under her father's big greatcoat and they were running

back past the big trees with their long, crooked fingers, and laughing at the wind that seemed to have changed its tune all of a sudden, and not so very long before she was safe at home in all the folks' arms and eating a bread and milk supper and getting into a soft, warm trundlebed, with Jack watching beside her and now and then licking her face or fingers.

"The briers scratched it," she explained to mamma when she saw her looking at the poor little red, bruised knees.

"I think I heard wolves or bears," she sobbed a moment later, and mamma did not even smile, though she knew there were no bears or wolves within a hundred miles at least.

"Oh, if my little girl would only mind mamma," she said in a low, loving voice, "how many troubles she would never know anything about!"

That was all she said, but little Edie thought all the more. Perhaps you would like to learn the verse that mamma taught her that next morning when she was doing her patchwork: —

"Stay, stay at home, dear heart, and rest,
Homekeeping hearts are happiest,
O'er all that hover their wings and fly,
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best."

CHRIST'S LITTLE SERVANT

GET it yourself! I'm nobody's servant!"

What words to come out of a little boy's mouth! And the worst of it was that the eyes matched the mouth for crossness, and the tone was worse than either. Aunt Helen looked up in surprise, and the grief on her face kept back any more words of that sort if Rob had been going to say them.

Little Alice got up from the floor and toddled along through the huddle of blocks to the door and coaxed it open at last by pushing her little fingers in the crack, and pretty soon she came back joyously with the cup of water that Arthur wanted.

"You precious little sweet!" cried Arthur, drinking off the water, what was left of it, for she had spilled a good many drops between the door and the sofa. "You see if I don't wait round on you in good style if ever I get over this lame foot! I believe you love to wait on folks, you darling!"

ROB

"Ess, I 'ove to!" said the baby, showing all her white teeth.

"'Except ye become as little children,'" said a low voice in the corner, leaving the verse unfinished.

Rob looked up quickly, with the shame-color growing deeper in his cheeks. This nice Aunt Helen was only in the house on a visit, and all the children cared a good deal what she thought of them. Sometimes Rob wished that she were not quite so "noticing."

"What do you suppose that verse means?" she asked presently, and she looked at Rob, though they all answered.

"Sweet, like Baby Alice!" said three

voices, for Josie had come in from school and caught up the baby.

"Good and loving, and willing to wait on others!" said Aunt Helen, still looking at Rob.

"If there's anything a Christian has to learn, it is to be a good servant for love's sake. Everybody's servant, not just for this one or that one because you like him, but as well to those you don't like. Then you are like the little children, who are like Jesus."

"If everybody's servant, who's master?" asked Rob sulkily.

"Christ," said Aunt Helen. "And his rule is, 'By love serve one another.' When he came down from heaven, he came for love's sake, as a servant."

THE FRIENDS OF JESUS

I 'm a little friend of Jesus,
Walking in his way;
Where he goes my feet must follow
All the day.

I'm a little friend of Jesus;
Little hands, I give
You to Jesus for his service,
While I live.

If I train my ears to listen,
All his words obey,
Then "My little friend, I love you!"
He will say.

I will *say* the words of Jesus;
He was mild and meek,
And an angry word they never
Heard him speak.

I will *read* the words of Jesus;
(Truth and life are they),
For he says that they shall never
Pass away.

We are little friends of Jesus
By this word and sign:
"*If ye know and keep my sayings,*
Ye are mine."

WHEN MAMMA SPEAKS

She makes the sweetest picture sitting there with her dolls, does n't she? But this is the way she talks: —

"Yes, mamma, in a minute! I 'm right in the middle of a lovely story!"

So the fish cart gets by before Bessie gets to the window to hail it, and they don't have

baked bluefish for dinner, and mother is at her wits' end to know *what* to have.

"Rock the cradle, dearie!" calls mamma softly, and Bessie says, "In a minute," and waits to get her dollie's frock straight and her slipper on, and meantime the nestling baby wakes with a long "O-ow!" that settles the matter of rocking.

"I do wish you would come *when I speak*, and not a minute or two later!" sighs mamma. Does your mamma ever wish so?

QUESTIONS

Are you always kind and sweet,
Little chattering tongue?
Do you softly, gently greet
One who does you wrong?

Do you say, "No matter, dear!"
Kiss and quite forget,
Though the quickly rising tear
Made your eyelids wet?

Do you in your heart forgive,
Not a cross word say?
What a happy life to live!
That was *Jesus'* way.

BABY'S HYMN

DESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly!
While the nearer waters woll,
While the tempes' 'till is high,
Ozzer refuge has I none"——

The sweet little voice broke off suddenly, for the singer saw a shadow on the floor and looked up to see a big man looking down at her with a queer look on his face. He was a very rough man who said bad words to his oxen when they would n't go in the right road, and he did other things that made him cross to the folks at home sometimes. When people are cross, it is almost always because they have done wrong about something.

But the big man was n't cross to little baby Lee. Her voice was too sweet and her eyes were too soft and sunshiny.

"What 's that you 're singing?" he said by and by, and if his voice sounded rough he did n't mean to make it so.

"It 's 'bout Desus," said baby.

"What do you know 'bout him?" asked the big man.

"Lill Lee knows lots o' fings 'bout him," she answered. "He said 'Suffer der children to come unto me.' It says so in God's Book. My papa reads out of it in der morning."

"Humph!" said the man. "You say words without knowing the meaning of 'em!"

"'Course I know what they mean!" said the baby. "My papa tells me, and my Sunday-school teacher does, too. That's where to go to learn things 'at you don't know about. Jacky and I go every Sunday-day. Jacky is a big boy and I take hold of his hand and he won't let nossing hurt me. So 'course I know what the words mean."

"What's a 'refuge'?" asked the big man, laughing.

"A good p'ace to wun to! 'At's what refuge means. Did n't you ever know 'bout 'at? 'At's what my papa told me! When Desus says 'Come,' you mus' wun wight to him!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the big man, "you're a good one!"

"'Es," she answered; "I'm a good one! 'At's what my papa says!"

He laughed again as he went along the hall to find her papa; but he was soberly thinking, too, about things. He was a busy man, but he thought about the baby's little hymn a good many times that day and other days. And one of those days he came to talk with the minister and tell him that he wanted to give up his rough ways and bad words and be a Christian.

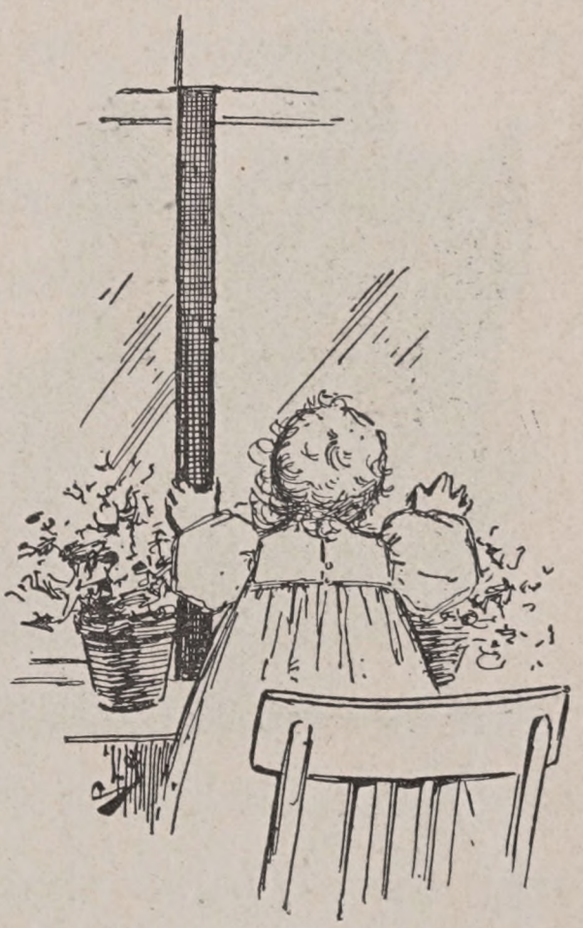
"'T was the baby's hymn set me thinking," he told him. "I began to feel bad because I had n't any 'place to run to.' And at last I remembered what she said: 'When Jesus says "Come," you must run right to him!'"

KITTY'S "LITTLE B'OTHER"

KITTY sat looking over her account book. She was a small girl to do much business, and yet she had her little red account book, and all the spaces were nicely ruled in it just as they were in Uncle Frank's ledger. He was a big man and had to go to the store every day, while she was only a little schoolgirl with a very small pocketbook and not much money in it, even on pay day, as her papa called

Monday morning, when he gave her the week's "allowance." It was his notion that she should keep a careful account of every cent, and there was only one rule and that he was very strict about. She must never owe anybody.

"Pay as you go, or go till you can pay," he told her; and so far she had kept the rule.



This morning it was very hard to make "the money come right." Baby Ted was pulling at her dress and she could not find a corner where he would not spy her out and come creeping after her with all his little bare "piggy toes." He climbed up in a chair to get the "pretty plants," and when she took him away from that, he wanted her to build grizzly bear dens and let him drop

the bears in. The little blocks were bears and sometimes they tumbled the house down, but that was all the more fun for the builders.

"Get away!" she cried at last quite crossly. "I can't ever make it come right."

"Ickle b'other 'ants Kitty," he cried mournfully.

"You 've named yourself just right," said cross Kitty. "You are a little b'other, if ever there was one."

The little brother went off and sat in the doorway with one arm over Don's shaggy back. Don did not have accounts to keep.

"I 'm sorry you are n't keeping square with the world," said Uncle Frank, putting down his newspaper. "You ought to pay your debts better."

"Why, Uncle Frank!" cried Kitty. "The

idea! when I pay 'down,' as papa said, for every single thing I get."

"For all that, I could write down the names of at least a dozen people you are owing."

"Do it," said Kitty, proudly handing over the red book. "You can have a leaf for every one."

This was what she found at the top of one blank page when he handed it back to her: —

Kitty in account with Mother Dr.

To ten years' patience ?

And the next page hinted that she was in debt to father, and so on till everybody she knew seemed to have something against her, even the baby.

"Why, Uncle Frank," she cried again, "do you really think I owe people for such things as that?"

"Of course you do," he said. "And though you never can pay them, still, the only honest thing is to keep trying at it.

Pay something. Here, I 'll write you a motto for your book."

This was the motto : "Owe no man any thing, but to love one another."

Kitty thought a long time about it, as much as five minutes. When she stopped thinking, the first thing she did was to go and hunt up that little "b'other" and take care of him so that her mother could do the ironing.

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